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DRIFTING

BY ALBA MALONE

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DRIFTING.

BY

ALBA MALONE.

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INTRODUCTION.

——:o:——

The wonderful popularity of this little poem, when first published in a Waco, Texas, evening paper, has induced me to bring it out in book form.

They say "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," nevertheless, if the public at large are only half as appreciative as home people have been, I will be more than satisfied.

ALBA MALONE.

Lovingly Inscribed to

MY MOTHER.

—AND—

The Memory of

MY FATHER.

DRIFTING.

....DRIFTING....

—o—

I'm drifting on the waters, on the waters deep and wide,
Drifting without pilot and without a hand to guide,
Drifting out to seaward, swiftly drifting with the tide.

I used to fret and struggle hard, to reach a longed-for shore;
I set my boat against the tide, against the breakers' roar;
I hoisted sail against the wind, and stoutly plied the oar.

But soon I learned a bitter truth: It is of no avail
Against the wind and tide of fate, to set a mortal sail;
The ocean's wind. the ocean's tide, will in the end prevail.

So my sail is furled, my oar is still, I do not lift a hand;
I only sit with folded arms and watch the foam-washed sand,
While I drift away to seaward, from the fast receding land.

That land is fading, fading—now the last faint streak is gone;
With folded arms I'm drifting, swiftly, blindly drifting on;
Far out to sea, I'll surely be, before the break of dawn.

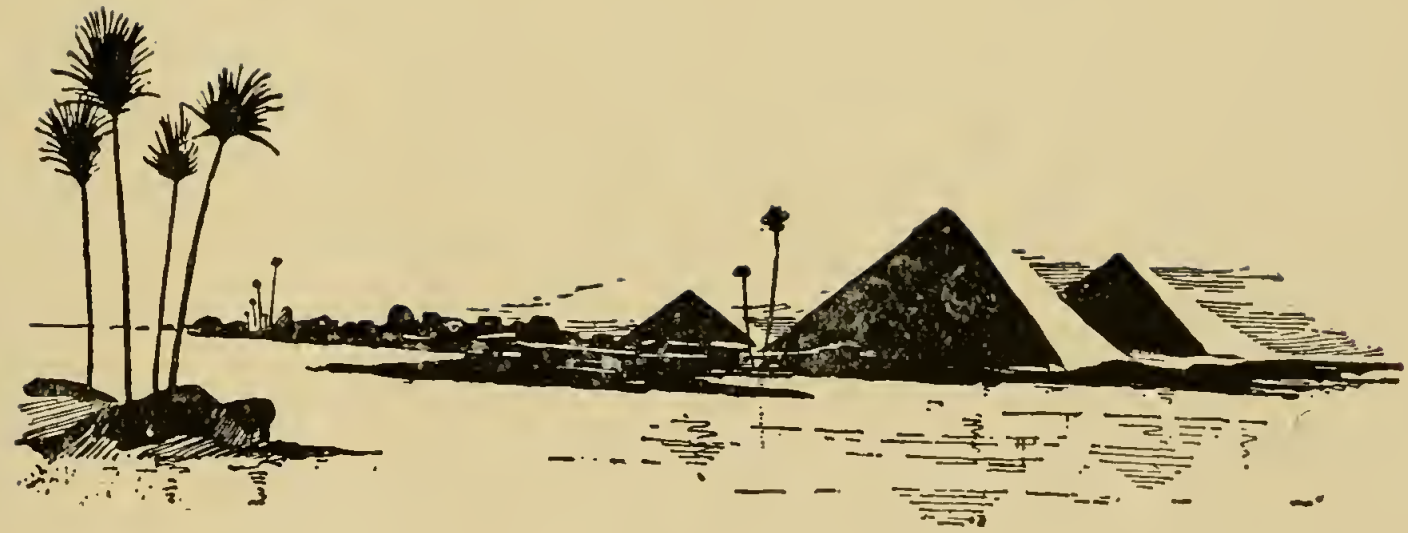
The night is closing round me fast, and danger may be nigh;
The wind is sobbing, moaning, and the waves are breaking high;
The sullen thunder mutters low, from out the cloud-girt sky.

But still I'm drifting onward, far beyond the range of sight,
God's Will my only compass, only sail and beacon light,
Drifting, ever drifting on, into the unknown night.

I do not know where I may go, I may not reach the shore;
The breakers high that lash the sky and wildly, madly roar,
May sink me deep where I shall sleep with myriads gone before.

But still with folded arms I sit and threatening dangers hear;
The ocean's wave, the ocean's tide, I do not, can not fear;
Too well I know, for weal or woe, God's Providence is here.

I'm drifting on the waters, on the waters deep and wide,
Drifting on with folded arms, with no mortal hand to guide,
Drifting where, I know not, but I'm drifting with GOD'S tide.



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